

Delusions of a Realist

"The Taker" by Daniel Carson
Goodman Not Always Faithful

By Heywood Brown

"The Taker" (Boni-Liveright), by Daniel Carson Goodman, is a realistic novel by a writer who is full of romantic delusions. Mr. Goodman, for instance, seems to feel that the only thing necessary to create an atmosphere of wild and gay life is to have a character call a waiter and order "a small bottle of Pommery." We find it difficult to accept Goodman as an authority on alcoholic reactions, because he is just as arbitrary in turning off gaiety as in switching it on. Thus, at one point in the book, he has his hero all but reeling and restores him to complete sobriety merely by the expedient of sending him home to fastenings on a local train.

The implications against the train service of the New York Central is unfair. Hastings is only a little above Yonkers, and a number of persons who commute on the same line all the way to Harlem or Croton assure us that Goodman's expedient is not enough.

Moreover, the author of "The Taker" seems firm in the belief that when women are disappointed in love they invariably go out and buy poison and drink it. This happening has all the merit of regular custom in "The Taker," as two of the three women who love Leonard Vernon seek succor from their throats in this way.

Would like "The Taker" better if the author would take more pains to point out just why the various women in the book were so passionate in their devotion to Leonard. He seemed to us a dull stick, full of prosy platitudes. The reader must take his attraction largely on faith, for the author just hints at it without any convincing proof. Such is the manner of the romanticist rather than the realist.

There are, of course, certain literal truths in the book, but none of them seemed to us particularly searching. It is hardly necessary for Goodman to point out that even beautiful young ladies may occasionally jar the sensibilities of enamored acquaintances by saying "hello."

The book is largely concerned with the love adventures of Leonard Vernon, and in a shadowy way the thesis of the author seems to be that the man who always takes and never gives cannot and happiness. At least, that seems to be the thesis of the book, but it is not very clearly developed. The story rambles a good deal. Personally, we found Leonard fickle beyond a point where he carried a great amount of serious interest. We found him rather comic. This may have been the intention of the author, but it is not for the most part Goodman seems devoid of humor. It is true that much writing is impaired by the determination to be funny, and yet a sense of humor is necessary even if held in abeyance, in order to keep the writer from unconsciously blundering into the ludicrous. One of Goodman's grimmest moments is a scene in which he goes to the border line of safety for this very reason:

"The day she ran from Lester, Marcy stayed at her father's home until nearly

midnight, and during the entire day her father neither called to her nor came up to her.

"When she walked down the steps for the first time it was dark, and she nearly stumbled over his body, which lay near the door.

"She stooped down, rigid with fright, with an army of thoughts about suicide and murder marching through her.

"Only the smell of whiskey and the heavy, stentorian breathing relieved her.

"Her father was drunk.

"So she stood up quickly and stepped around his inebriate form and out of the door onto the porch.

"Anxious to get away from the place, she ran quickly, though weak from her day of hysterical fasting.

"When she was more than a block away from the house, the thought flashed into her head that maybe her father was not drunk but dead, and that she had imagined he was breathing.

"So she ran back and with a spasm of fear, entered the dining-room and put her head down on her father's chest. He was breathing heavily and snoring from the effects of the liquor."

Charlie Case, the black-faced monologist, used to handle a similar situation rather more simply. "Mother," he used to say, "was a remarkable woman. She could always tell when father'd been drinking. We didn't know how she did it. We couldn't tell. We used to go out and think he was dead."

It would be unfair to criticize Goodman for things which are outside his intention. There is no validity in the charge that the persons about whom he writes are not particularly pleasant persons, but it is fair to say that from our own point of view the book does not succeed, because it does not convince us that they are real.

There are, of course, certain literal truths in the book, but none of them seemed to us particularly searching. It is hardly necessary for Goodman to point out that even beautiful young ladies may occasionally jar the sensibilities of enamored acquaintances by saying "hello."

Viereck and T. R.

Ambivalent Admirer Pays
Respects to the Poet

By Rupert Hughes

If I were as sure of immortal fame as George S. Viereck, I should not worry about anything else. If I were as certain of my eternal recitance as he is I should face death with no concern. In his latest dedication he admits that he "lives on the winning side; always on the right." This must be a great consolation, even if one is alone in the opinion.

Mr. Viereck's latest eruption is in the form of a book called "The Poet's Study in Ambivalence." It is, of course, mainly a celebration of G. S. V. He is as conceited as Peter Pan, except that his is not a pretty conceit, as he says, "Not a word any doubt that I can wield a pen."

Mr. Viereck sends me his unsolicited book and his publisher solicits my opinion of it. In his preface, Viereck says, "This book is a study in rightness. This book, dear reader, is a delightful secret between us. It will not be reviewed in the American press. It will not even be mentioned. My psycho-analytic interpretation of the book is not 'psycho-analytic' or 'interpretation,' and it is not 'startling.' The fifth is beyond Viereck's power to prove, or ours to disprove."

I think that Mr. Viereck has got his prophecy hideous foretold, and that the book will be a delightful secret to posterity, for it adds absolutely nothing to the portrait of Viereck, except the fact that an intensely egotistical man and a voluminous letter-writer included Viereck among the throng of authors he praised and treated him with disgust as he turned against great numbers of other men.

Roosevelt's changes of mind were a subject of incessant comment throughout his lifetime. His repudiation of Viereck was inevitable.

Many a man, seeing a small animal at large, has gone toward it, calling "Kitty, Kitty, nice Kitty!" only to observe the black and white stripes and flee, holding his nose. Some people say that skunks make very nice pets if they are not startled. And Viereck has friends who like his peculiar ways of doing things.

Viereck's "psycho-analysis" of Roosevelt is the funniest piece of nothing that is news to anybody who knows anything about Roosevelt or anybody else. He tells a good deal about Viereck, but that is not psycho-analysis, for Viereck flaunts publicly the emotions that the Freudians ransack other people's minds to uncover.

He has said that the Poetry Society and the Authors' League will be remembered only because they expelled him. There might be far worse things to be remembered for at that. Viereck seems to think that because a man can write words together ingeniously he is emancipated eternally from the criticism or discipline of his fellow citizens.

Viereck has written verses that show a very marked ability. Nobody says that least of all Viereck. But there has been a good deal of fine art turned out by mighty unpleasant people.

I should say that the poetry of François Villon would startle quite as well with posterity as that of Viereck, but Villon was as yellow a dog as ever lived.

Ingenious as ever Viereck's poetry may be—and I think it infinitely less great than he declares it to be—and utterly without literary influence—his prose is inspired by nothing but attitudinizing egotism, the literary bombast of a man who is his own press agent and who is no more credible than any other press agent.

Mr. Viereck's latest eruption is in the form of a book called "The Poet's Study in Ambivalence." It is, of course, mainly a celebration of G. S. V. He is as conceited as Peter Pan, except that his is not a pretty conceit, as he says, "Not a word any doubt that I can wield a pen."

Mr. Viereck sends me his unsolicited book and his publisher solicits my opinion of it. In his preface, Viereck says, "This book is a study in rightness. This book, dear reader, is a delightful secret between us. It will not be reviewed in the American press. It will not even be mentioned. My psycho-analytic interpretation of the book is not 'psycho-analytic' or 'interpretation,' and it is not 'startling.' The fifth is beyond Viereck's power to prove, or ours to disprove."

I think that Mr. Viereck has got his prophecy hideous foretold, and that the book will be a delightful secret to posterity, for it adds absolutely nothing to the portrait of Viereck, except the fact that an intensely egotistical man and a voluminous letter-writer included Viereck among the throng of authors he praised and treated him with disgust as he turned against great numbers of other men.

Roosevelt's changes of mind were a subject of incessant comment throughout his lifetime. His repudiation of Viereck was inevitable.

Many a man, seeing a small animal at large, has gone toward it, calling "Kitty, Kitty, nice Kitty!" only to observe the black and white stripes and flee, holding his nose. Some people say that skunks make very nice pets if they are not startled. And Viereck has friends who like his peculiar ways of doing things.

Viereck's "psycho-analysis" of Roosevelt is the funniest piece of nothing that is news to anybody who knows anything about Roosevelt or anybody else. He tells a good deal about Viereck, but that is not psycho-analysis, for Viereck flaunts publicly the emotions that the Freudians ransack other people's minds to uncover.

He has said that the Poetry Society and the Authors' League will be remembered only because they expelled him. There might be far worse things to be remembered for at that. Viereck seems to think that because a man can write words together ingeniously he is emancipated eternally from the criticism or discipline of his fellow citizens.

Viereck has written verses that show a very marked ability. Nobody says that least of all Viereck. But there has been a good deal of fine art turned out by mighty unpleasant people.

I should say that the poetry of François Villon would startle quite as well with posterity as that of Viereck, but Villon was as yellow a dog as ever lived.

Ingenious as ever Viereck's poetry may be—and I think it infinitely less great than he declares it to be—and utterly without literary influence—his prose is inspired by nothing but attitudinizing egotism, the literary bombast of a man who is his own press agent and who is no more credible than any other press agent.

Mr. Viereck's latest eruption is in the form of a book called "The Poet's Study in Ambivalence." It is, of course, mainly a celebration of G. S. V. He is as conceited as Peter Pan, except that his is not a pretty conceit, as he says, "Not a word any doubt that I can wield a pen."

Mr. Viereck sends me his unsolicited book and his publisher solicits my opinion of it. In his preface, Viereck says, "This book is a study in rightness. This book, dear reader, is a delightful secret between us. It will not be reviewed in the American press. It will not even be mentioned. My psycho-analytic interpretation of the book is not 'psycho-analytic' or 'interpretation,' and it is not 'startling.' The fifth is beyond Viereck's power to prove, or ours to disprove."

I think that Mr. Viereck has got his prophecy hideous foretold, and that the book will be a delightful secret to posterity, for it adds absolutely nothing to the portrait of Viereck, except the fact that an intensely egotistical man and a voluminous letter-writer included Viereck among the throng of authors he praised and treated him with disgust as he turned against great numbers of other men.

Roosevelt's changes of mind were a subject of incessant comment throughout his lifetime. His repudiation of Viereck was inevitable.

Many a man, seeing a small animal at large, has gone toward it, calling "Kitty, Kitty, nice Kitty!" only to observe the black and white stripes and flee, holding his nose. Some people say that skunks make very nice pets if they are not startled. And Viereck has friends who like his peculiar ways of doing things.

Viereck's "psycho-analysis" of Roosevelt is the funniest piece of nothing that is news to anybody who knows anything about Roosevelt or anybody else. He tells a good deal about Viereck, but that is not psycho-analysis, for Viereck flaunts publicly the emotions that the Freudians ransack other people's minds to uncover.

He has said that the Poetry Society and the Authors' League will be remembered only because they expelled him. There might be far worse things to be remembered for at that. Viereck seems to think that because a man can write words together ingeniously he is emancipated eternally from the criticism or discipline of his fellow citizens.

Viereck has written verses that show a very marked ability. Nobody says that least of all Viereck. But there has been a good deal of fine art turned out by mighty unpleasant people.

I should say that the poetry of François Villon would startle quite as well with posterity as that of Viereck, but Villon was as yellow a dog as ever lived.

Ingenious as ever Viereck's poetry may be—and I think it infinitely less great than he declares it to be—and utterly without literary influence—his prose is inspired by nothing but attitudinizing egotism, the literary bombast of a man who is his own press agent and who is no more credible than any other press agent.

Mr. Viereck's latest eruption is in the form of a book called "The Poet's Study in Ambivalence." It is, of course, mainly a celebration of G. S. V. He is as conceited as Peter Pan, except that his is not a pretty conceit, as he says, "Not a word any doubt that I can wield a pen."

Mr. Viereck sends me his unsolicited book and his publisher solicits my opinion of it. In his preface, Viereck says, "This book is a study in rightness. This book, dear reader, is a delightful secret between us. It will not be reviewed in the American press. It will not even be mentioned. My psycho-analytic interpretation of the book is not 'psycho-analytic' or 'interpretation,' and it is not 'startling.' The fifth is beyond Viereck's power to prove, or ours to disprove."

I think that Mr. Viereck has got his prophecy hideous foretold, and that the book will be a delightful secret to posterity, for it adds absolutely nothing to the portrait of Viereck, except the fact that an intensely egotistical man and a voluminous letter-writer included Viereck among the throng of authors he praised and treated him with disgust as he turned against great numbers of other men.

Roosevelt's changes of mind were a subject of incessant comment throughout his lifetime. His repudiation of Viereck was inevitable.

Many a man, seeing a small animal at large, has gone toward it, calling "Kitty, Kitty, nice Kitty!" only to observe the black and white stripes and flee, holding his nose. Some people say that skunks make very nice pets if they are not startled. And Viereck has friends who like his peculiar ways of doing things.

Viereck's "psycho-analysis" of Roosevelt is the funniest piece of nothing that is news to anybody who knows anything about Roosevelt or anybody else. He tells a good deal about Viereck, but that is not psycho-analysis, for Viereck flaunts publicly the emotions that the Freudians ransack other people's minds to uncover.

He has said that the Poetry Society and the Authors' League will be remembered only because they expelled him. There might be far worse things to be remembered for at that. Viereck seems to think that because a man can write words together ingeniously he is emancipated eternally from the criticism or discipline of his fellow citizens.

Viereck has written verses that show a very marked ability. Nobody says that least of all Viereck. But there has been a good deal of fine art turned out by mighty unpleasant people.

I should say that the poetry of François Villon would startle quite as well with posterity as that of Viereck, but Villon was as yellow a dog as ever lived.

Ingenious as ever Viereck's poetry may be—and I think it infinitely less great than he declares it to be—and utterly without literary influence—his prose is inspired by nothing but attitudinizing egotism, the literary bombast of a man who is his own press agent and who is no more credible than any other press agent.

Mr. Viereck's latest eruption is in the form of a book called "The Poet's Study in Ambivalence." It is, of course, mainly a celebration of G. S. V. He is as conceited as Peter Pan, except that his is not a pretty conceit, as he says, "Not a word any doubt that I can wield a pen."

Mr. Viereck sends me his unsolicited book and his publisher solicits my opinion of it. In his preface, Viereck says, "This book is a study in rightness. This book, dear reader, is a delightful secret between us. It will not be reviewed in the American press. It will not even be mentioned. My psycho-analytic interpretation of the book is not 'psycho-analytic' or 'interpretation,' and it is not 'startling.' The fifth is beyond Viereck's power to prove, or ours to disprove."

I think that Mr. Viereck has got his prophecy hideous foretold, and that the book will be a delightful secret to posterity, for it adds absolutely nothing to the portrait of Viereck, except the fact that an intensely egotistical man and a voluminous letter-writer included Viereck among the throng of authors he praised and treated him with disgust as he turned against great numbers of other men.

Roosevelt's changes of mind were a subject of incessant comment throughout his lifetime. His repudiation of Viereck was inevitable.

Many a man, seeing a small animal at large, has gone toward it, calling "Kitty, Kitty, nice Kitty!" only to observe the black and white stripes and flee, holding his nose. Some people say that skunks make very nice pets if they are not startled. And Viereck has friends who like his peculiar ways of doing things.

Viereck's "psycho-analysis" of Roosevelt is the funniest piece of nothing that is news to anybody who knows anything about Roosevelt or anybody else. He tells a good deal about Viereck, but that is not psycho-analysis, for Viereck flaunts publicly the emotions that the Freudians ransack other people's minds to uncover.

He has said that the Poetry Society and the Authors' League will be remembered only because they expelled him. There might be far worse things to be remembered for at that. Viereck seems to think that because a man can write words together ingeniously he is emancipated eternally from the criticism or discipline of his fellow citizens.

Viereck has written verses that show a very marked ability. Nobody says that least of all Viereck. But there has been a good deal of fine art turned out by mighty unpleasant people.

I should say that the poetry of François Villon would startle quite as well with posterity as that of Viereck, but Villon was as yellow a dog as ever lived.

Ingenious as ever Viereck's poetry may be—and I think it infinitely less great than he declares it to be—and utterly without literary influence—his prose is inspired by nothing but attitudinizing egotism, the literary bombast of a man who is his own press agent and who is no more credible than any other press agent.

Mr. Viereck's latest eruption is in the form of a book called "The Poet's Study in Ambivalence." It is, of course, mainly a celebration of G. S. V. He is as conceited as Peter Pan, except that his is not a pretty conceit, as he says, "Not a word any doubt that I can wield a pen."

Mr. Viereck sends me his unsolicited book and his publisher solicits my opinion of it. In his preface, Viereck says, "This book is a study in rightness. This book, dear reader, is a delightful secret between us. It will not be reviewed in the American press. It will not even be mentioned. My psycho-analytic interpretation of the book is not 'psycho-analytic' or 'interpretation,' and it is not 'startling.' The fifth is beyond Viereck's power to prove, or ours to disprove."

I think that Mr. Viereck has got his prophecy hideous foretold, and that the book will be a delightful secret to posterity, for it adds absolutely nothing to the portrait of Viereck, except the fact that an intensely egotistical man and a voluminous letter-writer included Viereck among the throng of authors he praised and treated him with disgust as he turned against great numbers of other men.

Roosevelt's changes of mind were a subject of incessant comment throughout his lifetime. His repudiation of Viereck was inevitable.

Many a man, seeing a small animal at large, has gone toward it, calling "Kitty, Kitty, nice Kitty!" only to observe the black and white stripes and flee, holding his nose. Some people say that skunks make very nice pets if they are not startled. And Viereck has friends who like his peculiar ways of doing things.

Viereck's "psycho-analysis" of Roosevelt is the funniest piece of nothing that is news to anybody who knows anything about Roosevelt or anybody else. He tells a good deal about Viereck, but that is not psycho-analysis, for Viereck flaunts publicly the emotions that the Freudians ransack other people's minds to uncover.

He has said that the Poetry Society and the Authors' League will be remembered only because they expelled him. There might be far worse things to be remembered for at that. Viereck seems to think that because a man can write words together ingeniously he is emancipated eternally from the criticism or discipline of his fellow citizens.

Viereck has written verses that show a very marked ability. Nobody says that least of all Viereck. But there has been a good deal of fine art turned out by mighty unpleasant people.

I should say that the poetry of François Villon would startle quite as well with posterity as that of Viereck, but Villon was as yellow a dog as ever lived.

Ingenious as ever Viereck's poetry may be—and I think it infinitely less great than he declares it to be—and utterly without literary influence—his prose is inspired by nothing but attitudinizing egotism, the literary bombast of a man who is his own press agent and who is no more credible than any other press agent.

Mr. Viereck's latest eruption is in the form of a book called "The Poet's Study in Ambivalence." It is, of course, mainly a celebration of G. S. V. He is as conceited as Peter Pan, except that his is not a pretty conceit, as he says, "Not a word any doubt that I can wield a pen."

Mr. Viereck sends me his unsolicited book and his publisher solicits my opinion of it. In his preface, Viereck says, "This book is a study in rightness. This book, dear reader, is a delightful secret between us. It will not be reviewed in the American press. It will not even be mentioned. My psycho-analytic interpretation of the book is not 'psycho-analytic' or 'interpretation,' and it is not 'startling.' The fifth is beyond Viereck's power to prove, or ours to disprove."

I think that Mr. Viereck has got his prophecy hideous foretold, and that the book will be a delightful secret to posterity, for it adds absolutely nothing to the portrait of Viereck, except the fact that an intensely egotistical man and a voluminous letter-writer included Viereck among the throng of authors he praised and treated him with disgust as he turned against great numbers of other men.

Roosevelt's changes of mind were a subject of incessant comment throughout his lifetime. His repudiation of Viereck was inevitable.

Many a man, seeing a small animal at large, has gone toward it, calling "Kitty, Kitty, nice Kitty!" only to observe the black and white stripes and flee, holding his nose. Some people say that skunks make very nice pets if they are not startled. And Viereck has friends who like his peculiar ways of doing things.

Viereck's "psycho-analysis" of Roosevelt is the funniest piece of nothing that is news to anybody who knows anything about Roosevelt or anybody else. He tells a good deal about Viereck, but that is not psycho-analysis, for Viereck flaunts publicly the emotions that the Freudians ransack other people's minds to uncover.

He has said that the Poetry Society and the Authors' League will be remembered only because they expelled him. There might be far worse things to be remembered for at that. Viereck seems to think that because a man can write words together ingeniously he is emancipated eternally from the criticism or discipline of his fellow citizens.

Viereck has written verses that show a very marked ability. Nobody says that least of all Viereck. But there has been a good deal of fine art turned out by mighty unpleasant people.

I should say that the poetry of François Villon would startle quite as well with posterity as that of Viereck, but Villon was as yellow a dog as ever lived.

Ingenious as ever Viereck's poetry may be—and I think it infinitely less great than he declares it to be—and utterly without literary influence—his prose is inspired by nothing but attitudinizing egotism, the literary bombast of a man who is his own press agent and who is no more credible than any other press agent.

Mr. Viereck's latest eruption is in the form of a book called "The Poet's Study in Ambivalence." It is, of course, mainly a celebration of G. S. V. He is as conceited as Peter Pan, except that his is not a pretty conceit, as he says, "Not a word any doubt that I can wield a pen."

Mr. Viereck sends me his unsolicited book and his publisher solicits my opinion of it. In his preface, Viereck says, "This book is a study in rightness. This book, dear reader, is a delightful secret between us. It will not be reviewed in the American press. It will not even be mentioned. My psycho-analytic interpretation of the book is not 'psycho-analytic' or 'interpretation,' and it is not 'startling.' The fifth is beyond Viereck's power to prove, or ours to disprove."

I think that Mr. Viereck has got his prophecy hideous foretold, and that the book will be a delightful secret to posterity, for it adds absolutely nothing to the portrait of Viereck, except the fact that an intensely egotistical man and a voluminous letter-writer included Viereck among the throng of authors he praised and treated him with disgust as he turned against great numbers of other men.

Roosevelt's changes of mind were a subject of incessant comment throughout his lifetime. His repudiation of Viereck was inevitable.

Many a man, seeing a small animal at large, has gone toward it, calling "Kitty, Kitty, nice Kitty!" only to observe the black and white stripes and flee, holding his nose. Some people say that skunks make very nice pets if they are not startled. And Viereck has friends who like his peculiar ways of doing things.

Viereck's "psycho-analysis" of Roosevelt is the funniest piece of nothing that is news to anybody who knows anything about Roosevelt or anybody else. He tells a good deal about Viereck, but that is not psycho-analysis, for Viereck flaunts publicly the emotions that the Freudians ransack other people's minds to uncover.

He has said that the Poetry Society and the Authors' League will be remembered only because they expelled him. There might be far worse things to be remembered for at that. Viereck seems to think that because a man can write words together ingeniously he is emancipated eternally from the criticism or discipline of his fellow citizens.

Viereck has written verses that show a very marked ability. Nobody says that least of all Viereck. But there has been a good deal of fine art turned out by mighty unpleasant people.

I should say that the poetry of François Villon would startle quite as well with posterity as that of Viereck, but Villon was as yellow a dog as ever lived.

Ingenious as ever Viereck's poetry may be—and I think it infinitely less great than he declares it to be—and utterly without literary influence—his prose is inspired by nothing but attitudinizing egotism, the literary bombast of a man who is his own press agent and who is no more credible than any other press agent.

Mr. Viereck's latest eruption is in the form of a book called "The Poet's Study in Ambivalence." It is, of course, mainly a celebration of G. S. V. He is as conceited as Peter Pan, except that his is not a pretty conceit, as he says, "Not a word any doubt that I can wield a pen."

Mr. Viereck sends me his unsolicited book and his publisher solicits my opinion of it. In his preface, Viereck says, "This book is a study in rightness. This book, dear reader, is a delightful secret between us. It will not be reviewed in the American press. It will not even be mentioned. My psycho-analytic interpretation of the book is not 'psycho-analytic' or 'interpretation,' and it is not 'startling.' The fifth is beyond Viereck's power to prove, or ours to disprove."

I think that Mr. Viereck has got his prophecy hideous foretold, and that the book will be a delightful secret to posterity, for it adds absolutely nothing to the portrait of Viereck, except the fact that an intensely egotistical man and a voluminous letter-writer included Viereck among the throng of authors he praised and treated him with disgust as he turned against great numbers of other men.

Roosevelt's changes of mind were a subject of incessant comment throughout his lifetime. His repudiation of Viereck was inevitable.

Many a man, seeing a small animal at large, has gone toward it, calling "Kitty, Kitty, nice Kitty!" only to observe the black and white stripes and flee, holding his nose. Some people say that skunks make very nice pets if they are not startled. And Viereck has friends who like his peculiar ways of doing things.

Viereck's "psycho-analysis" of Roosevelt is the funniest piece of nothing that is news to anybody who knows anything about Roosevelt or anybody else. He tells a good deal about Viereck, but that is not psycho-analysis, for Viereck flaunts publicly the emotions that the Freudians ransack other people's minds to uncover.

He has said that the Poetry Society and the Authors' League will be remembered only because they expelled him. There might be far worse things to be remembered for at that. Viereck seems to think that because a man can write words together ingeniously he is emancipated eternally from the criticism or discipline of his fellow citizens.

Viereck has written verses that show a very marked ability. Nobody says that least of all Viereck. But there has been a good deal of fine art turned out by mighty unpleasant people.

I should say that the poetry of François Villon would startle quite as well with posterity as that of Viereck, but Villon was as yellow a dog as ever lived.

Ingenious as ever Viereck's poetry may be—and I think it infinitely less great than he declares it to be—and utterly without literary influence—his prose is inspired by nothing but attitudinizing egotism, the literary bombast of a man who is his own press agent and who is no more credible than any other press agent.

Mr. Viereck's latest eruption is in the form of a book called "The Poet's Study in Ambivalence." It is, of course, mainly a celebration of G. S. V. He is as conceited as Peter Pan, except that his is not a pretty conceit, as he says, "Not a word any doubt that I can wield a pen."

Mr. Viereck sends me his unsolicited book and his publisher solicits my opinion of it. In his preface, Viereck says, "This book is a study in rightness. This book, dear reader, is a delightful secret between us. It will not be reviewed in the American press. It will not even be mentioned. My psycho-analytic interpretation of the book is not 'psycho-analytic' or 'interpretation,' and it is not 'startling.' The fifth is beyond Viereck's power to prove, or ours to disprove."

I think that Mr. Viereck has got his prophecy hideous foretold, and that the book will be a delightful secret to posterity, for it adds absolutely nothing to the portrait of Viereck, except the fact that an intensely egotistical man and a voluminous letter-writer included Viereck among the throng of authors he praised and treated him with disgust as he turned against great numbers of other men.

Roosevelt's changes of mind were a subject of incessant comment throughout his lifetime. His repudiation of Viereck was inevitable.

Many a man, seeing a small animal at large, has gone toward it, calling "Kitty, Kitty, nice Kitty!" only to observe the black and white stripes and flee, holding his nose. Some people say that skunks make very nice pets if they are not startled. And Viereck has friends who like his peculiar ways of doing things.

Viereck's "psycho-analysis" of Roosevelt is the funniest piece of nothing that is news to anybody who knows anything about Roosevelt or anybody else. He tells a good deal about Viereck, but that is not psycho-analysis, for Viereck flaunts publicly the emotions that the Freudians ransack other people's minds to uncover.

He has said that the Poetry Society and the Authors' League will be remembered only because they expelled him. There might be far worse things to be remembered for at that. Viereck seems to think that because a man can write words together ingeniously he is emancipated eternally from the criticism or discipline of his fellow citizens.

Viereck has written verses that show a very marked ability. Nobody says that least of all Viereck. But there has been a good deal of fine art turned out by mighty unpleasant people.

I should say that the poetry of François Villon would startle quite as well with posterity as that of Viereck, but Villon was as yellow a dog as ever lived.

Ingenious as ever Viereck's poetry may be—and I think it infinitely less great than he declares it to be—and utterly without literary influence—his prose is inspired by nothing but attitudinizing egotism, the literary bombast of a man who is his own press agent and who is no more credible than any other press agent.

Leonard Merrick, author of "Conrad in Quest of His Youth."



Sinclair on "Democracy"

American Radical Reviews Novel
of Unrest by Shaw Desmond

By Upton Sinclair

DEMOCRACY. By Shaw Desmond. Scribner.

Shaw Desmond is a new English writer, and his publishers tell us in a note that he has been active in the labor and Socialist movement in England. We would hardly need to be told that, because we feel at once the autobiographical qualities of the hero, The book is deeply felt and intensely sincere, and it seems ungracious to criticize it in any way—that is, it seems ungracious for me to criticize it, inasmuch as I have been trying to do the same sort of thing all my own life. But now it appears I am the reader and not the author, and I see the matter from a different point of view; so I can say about Mr. Desmond what my own critics have said about me—that there is not very much to his love story; that it is evident that he is not especially interested in the women characters nor in anything at all except the propaganda of his movement, and this movement, you understand, is a Socialist movement; it is not the movement of a story.

Mr. Desmond has tried to do a very difficult thing, and when you realize how difficult it is you can admire his partial success. He has tried to interest you in a great mass event. He has tried to make democracy his hero and to show one of the great convulsions of this hero's life. He introduces us, under very thin disguises, to most of the well known radical leaders in England. He lets us see these leaders in quick paragraphs, done in impressionistic, even futuristic, fashion. We get the feeling of these men rather than their personalities. It happens that I know personally a goodly number of the people Mr. Desmond describes, but there were so many of them that I couldn't keep them straight as I read through the story. It was easy to remember that "John Belch" was John Burns and that the "Duchess of Chillingworth" was Lady Warwick; but then he introduces us to Victor Glyn, Hardie and Larkin and Henry Hyndman and a whole row of them. I don't suppose the English notions of propriety would have permitted Mr. Desmond to call

them by their own names, but it would have been a boon to the reader.

The story gives us the clash of the minds of all these personalities and their effect upon the movement. There are several mass meetings and conversations described, and these are made dramatic and interesting. We get vividly the sense of the swirl of excitement which is Britain's industrial life to-day. We see the Socialists wrangling with the syndicalists, and both with the Guild Socialists. Mr. Desmond considers it necessary to change these latter into the "Graft Socialists," just as he changes "The Daily Mail" into "The Daily Meteor"; this, it seems to me, is surely carrying the literary proprieties too far!

The theme of the story is a general strike and its ruthless crushing by the military; in other words, Mr. Desmond sees the fate of the radical movement as if Jack London in "The Iron Heel." In a way, the story is a Socialists' "Democracy," said the publishers, written before the war, and the author did not find it necessary to change any of his prophecies to fit the war developments. Well, it seems to me it would have been better if he had changed them. He shows the organized workers on one side and on the other the police and the soldiers, presenting an unbroken front, and working the machine guns without the slightest qualms of conscience. But among the developments in England of the last few years, the most important of the organized London policemen and numerous mutinies of British troops who objected to the war on the Russian side and the consequent of the Russian Revolution, for the cancellation of all exclusive and monopolistic "concessions" which impair Chinese sovereignty, for the relinquishment of all leases of Chinese territory and the substitution of international control until China's obligations are fully satisfied. Some of Mr. Millard's conclusions probably will impress Japanese savants, as they are so unfaint. The book as a whole, however, throws a great deal of light upon the obscure network of present-day Oriental commercial and political intrigues.

W. H. C.

Among Those Present

REBECCA'S PROMISE. By Frances H. Stearns. Published by D. Appleton.

Rebecca Mary had to scribble, and because there was always ahead of her the "old age" bugaboo, she declined all tempting invitations to enjoy herself while young, and settled down to grow old economically and fast. That is, she talked sense at her. As a result, Rebecca Mary promised to say "Yes, I thank you," instead of "No," and of course she finds fun, fortune and a man.

ONE OF THREE. By Clifford Raymond. Published by George H. Doran Company. A mystery story full of excitement and horror and surprise. Hope Brown, adopted as a child, is brought up in surroundings that are eccentric and mysterious. She later has to choose between marrying a man who promises her contentment in new surroundings, or one who opens to her an opportunity for splendid self-sacrifice with a continuous hunt for the mystery that had haunted her early life.

OFF DUTY. A Dozen Yarns for Soldiers and Sailors. Published by The Century Company. A collection of stories, including such well known authors as Rex Beach, Henry Lewis Taylor, Hope Brown, Garland, Bret Harte, O. Henry, Wilde, Zane Grey, Edna Ferber, George Fitch, Stewart Edward White and others, was compiled by a woman who did efficient work in a library and who enlisted for enlisted men at a training camp. She became acquainted with the sort of reading men want, and has included much of it in this book.

THE SWORD OF DEBORAH. By F. Thompson Jones. Published by George H. Doran Company. First hand impressions of the British Women's Army in France.

THE STORY OF THE RAINBOW DIVISION. By Raymond S. Tompkins. Published by Boni & Liveright. A dramatic account of the battles in which this popular division took part, with an introduction by Major General Charles T. Menoher, who commanded the division throughout its campaign.

ON UNCLE SAM'S WATER WAGON. By Helen Putnam Jones. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Five hundred recipes for delicious drinks which can be made in the house. Soft drinks, we hasten to add.

500 Delicious Drinks. You can make them at home with the 500 recipes in this book. On Uncle Sam's Water Wagon. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 110 N. 4th St., New York, N. Y.

China Versus Japan

Millard Turns Searchlight
On Recent Oriental Intrigue

DEMOCRACY AND THE EASTERN QUESTION. By Thomas F. Millard. The Century Company. \$2.50. The case of China against Japan is vigorously and effectively presented in this book. Mr. Millard is bitter in his denunciation of the predatory and unscrupulous imperialism which, in his opinion, has characterized Japanese foreign policy throughout the war. So far China has been the chief sufferer from this policy. But the author feels that Japanese imperialism, unless it is curbed, is likely to constitute a very serious menace to the future peace of the world.

Mr. Millard draws a prolonged and ingenious parallel between Japan and Germany. Both nations only recently emerged from comparative obscurity and rose with phenomenal rapidity to the rank of great powers. Both consistently cultivated a spirit of aggressive militarism. Both clung to the archaic theory of a divinely inspired ruler. Coming down to a discussion of Japan's conduct in the war, the author insists that it was dominated throughout by the most selfish opportunism. It was not any flame of moral enthusiasm that prompted Japan to enter the war; it was a desire to secure a foothold in China and to obtain control of the German possessions in the Pacific. When it seemed as if the war might end in favor of the Central Powers the inspired press of Tokio displayed a marked coolness toward England and openly hinted at the possible desirability of a rapprochement with Germany. Mr. Millard interprets Japan's rather puzzling attitude toward intervention in Siberia in the same spirit. As long as there was a prospect that Japan would receive a free hand in the occupation and exploitation of Russia's Asiatic provinces the project was cherished with enthusiasm. But, when this plan was given up, on account of American opposition, and joint intervention by all the Allies was decided upon, Japanese ardor cooled perceptibly.

The author accuses the Japanese government of practicing a policy of systematic corruption and intimidation in China. In order to reduce the country to a state of impotence the civil war between the northern and southern factions was incited and stimulated. Loans were granted to both sides, especially to the northern militarists, at ruinous rates of interest. Moreover, the Japanese took advantage of China's helplessness to establish domination over greater stretches of Chinese territory, such as Shantung and Manchuria. The famous "open door" principle of John Hay, which assured equality of economic opportunity to all foreign nations dealing with China, has been repeatedly set aside by Japan in her own interest.

In conclusion Mr. Millard lays down eleven points which, he feels, are indispensable to the future security and integrity of China. These points provide for the removal of the special spheres of interest now possessed by various foreign nations, for the cancellation of all exclusive and monopolistic "concessions" which impair Chinese sovereignty, for the relinquishment of all leases of Chinese territory and the substitution of international control until China's obligations are fully satisfied. Some of Mr. Millard's conclusions probably will impress Japanese savants, as they are so unfaint. The book as a whole, however, throws a great deal of light upon the obscure network of present-day Oriental commercial and political intrigues.

W. H. C.

Belgian War Novel

A Simple Tale of War
Translated from the French